

him through life. Mrs. Wolfe could not realise the strength of the martial ardour that burned in the little fellow's breast, and upbraided him with want of love for her. This was probably an excusable fiction, a last expedient to divert him, if it were yet possible, from his resolve, for the relations of mother and son were through life of a most affectionate kind. The boy's answer is the first of his letters in the large collection at Squerryes. It is dated from the camp at Newport, Isle of Wight, August 6th, 1740. Here is a part of it:—"I am very sorry, dear mamma, that you doubt my love, which I am sure is as sincere as ever any son's was to his mother. . . . I will certainly write to you by every ship I meet, because I know it is my duty. Besides, if it was not, I would do it out of love with pleasure. But pray, dear mamma, if you love me do not give yourself up to fears for us. I hope, if it please God, we shall soon see one another, which will be the happiest day that ever I shall see."

The martial precocity, however, of the young James Wolfe was nipped in the bud, for while in camp he was taken so ill that all idea of his accompanying the expedition was abandoned, and he was sent home to his mother—and to school!

And a very fortunate thing for the future hero of Quebec this timely illness was. The ignominious failure of the expedition to Cartagena has been made familiar enough in the pages of *Roderick Random*, if on the scroll of history it has been obscured by the successes which followed elsewhere. It reacted in a curious way upon the destinies of the nation thirty years later, for George Washington's elder brother was with the army, as a